

The Weymouth Gazette.

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C. G. EASTERBROOK, EDITOR.

OF READING NOTICES INSERTED AT THE
CENTS A LINE.
PAMPHLETS ARE EXECUTED IN A SUPERIOR
MANNER AT THIS OFFICE.

BRAINTREE DEPARTMENT.

The meeting of the Braintree Temperance Union, held in Lyceum Hall, last Sabbath evening was one of much interest. The announcement that Rev. E. M. Taylor of the M. E. Church, would address the meeting, was enough to fill the house. The Secretary of the meeting will doubtless give you a good account of the lecture, but we feel that we ought to add our testimony. In spite of the heat, Mr. Taylor commanded the interested attention of his audience during the whole of his lecture.

The next meeting, we understand, has been given to the ladies of the W. C. T. U. This association has been heard from in our paper or elsewhere, but little of late, but it has by no means lost its interest in the work, nor retired upon its income since the last gift of money that caused such a ripple of agitation. The society have thought best not to hold meetings during the hot weather, and while some of the members are off on vacation, we shall doubtless hear from it again in full.

Mr. Harratt Fogg, the enterprising canvasser for Madame Jullian's dressmaking system, while pursuing her business in Ashland, fell as she was coming down the steps of the hotel, and sprained her arm. It has laid her up for a week or so, but is getting better and she hopes soon to be about her work again.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Gregg start for the White Mountain next week, and we understand Miss May Ellis goes with a party next week.

The South Braintree Orthodox School is invited to go to Rockport with Randolph Orthodox Sabbath School, Friday.

L. P. H.

Our correspondent has a nice article on vacations, which will appear next week.

Last Sabbath Eve. The Braintree Temperance Union held its regular monthly meeting at Lyceum Hall, President Shaw in the chair. The meeting was opened with singing, after which prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Morse; the report of the last meeting was then read by the Secretary. After more singing the President called attention to a circular issued by one of the Mutual Life Insurance Companies of New York, which though not intended to be a temperance document was in reality a very strong argument in favor of total abstinence looked at in a business point of view, furthermore it came from a source which must be considered unbiased, as it was issued solely from a business standpoint and with a view of enunciating principles upon which only a sound life insurance business can be conducted. It then introduced Rev. E. M. Taylor, as the lecturer of the evening, who proceeded in a very interesting manner to deliver a very impressive lecture, to the largest audience which we have seen gathered in that hall to listen to a temperance lecture, or in fact at any other gathering. The speaker proceeded to show that all political, moral or religious revolutions, governed as they are by natural laws, are slow in their working and inevitable in their result. The success attending them is gradual, the contest protracted, the result sure. "The mills of God grind slow, but they grind exceeding fine." It was peculiarly so in this case.

Away up among the Alpine heights there comes trickling out from underneath a huge boulder a little silver stream, which quietly flows on losing itself here and there as it mixes with other little streams on its way, now flowing quietly along and now falling in cascades, gathering to itself strength from other sources as it moves; and reaching the valley it becomes a mighty river, which flows on and on until it joins itself with its native element, the mighty ocean. So years ago, among the silent and hazy avenues of the past a little movement was set on foot having for its object the redemption of mankind from the thraldom of an evil which threatened to overwhelm and destroy not only the bodies but the souls of men. It seemed small and insignificant at first, but no cause has met with so much ridicule, sarcasm, obloquy and scorn as this. It has threatened to drive this reform from its stronghold, but the proportions it has assumed requires the attention of all classes of human society. Coming as it did at first as a mere ripple or a little stream, it has now become a part of the great ocean of human thought. It comes not to us, then, as an idea or fantastic dream, not as the dream of some fanatic of to-day, but it has the prestige of antiquity, the experience of ages past. It has entered into the experience of your friends and my friends. But you say, why need you be so alarmed, there is not half as much drunkenness in this country as in some of the countries of the old world.

Because this matter comes a great deal nearer the life of our government than of any other government on the face of the earth. Because it has not such a chance to devastate the very life blood of any other government. It is therefore needless that we look to us as a government stand in this matter, too, how we here in Braintree stand on this important question. There are 300,000 common drunkards in the United States, there are 17 moderate drinkers to every common drunkard, one-half of whom are members of the common fraternities; eight-tenths of our criminals are brought there directly by the influence of strong drink, there are 80,000 insane persons, three-fourths of whom become such by the use of intoxicating liquors. They vote, they have a voice in the moral uplifting of the nation.

We have celebrated the two-hundredth anniversary of our nation, and it is well. During that our hundred years history we have fought two battles, compared the most powerful civil rebellion the world ever witnessed, and have settled down, soon will be to a peaceful basis. And now this question comes up before us. In the present, having passed through all the experience of the past, and been growing as a nation larger and stronger notwithstanding the severe strain, it is only to be wished right here, or shall this battle of reform be brought to a successful termination. It is no child's play. When a man with the wine bottle by his companion will go on from bad to worse, until that home of the general ex-president of the Club, Mr. John Eastwood, was a member of the party.

Thayer Academy. The examination of candidates for admission to this excellent school occurs Sept. 14. Under the charge of Prof. Sewall and his able corps of assistants, this Academy has attained to high rank among educational institutions, and to graduate from Thayer Academy may well be counted a distinguished honor.

EAST BRAINTREE.

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Board of Engineers. Have voted to purchase 200 feet of rubber hose. This is not a sufficient quantity; about 1000 feet are required to bring the department up to the standard and until

that amount is purchased, the engines are of no more value as fire than a load iron, than water is given by. The engaged claim they cannot afford to purchase more, perhaps this is so, but if they had asked for an appropriation of \$1500 instead of \$1000, this excuse need never have been made.

The Union Engine Company. Was out for practice at Factory Pond last Saturday evening, and played 200 feet of solid water. This company will attend the Firemen's Master at Mystic Park, Medford, August 22nd, and invites its numerous friends in this vicinity, (including Weymouth), to witness it.

Large Fish.

One of the events of last week was the return of Mr. John Library from a fishing excursion in Boston Harbor, at a time when your correspondent was engaged in preparing his ordinary, he having been given up by his friends as lost. He brought home with him a fish taken from a horseback which was caught between Sheep Island and Prince's Head by a companion, and which required the united strength of five men to bring it to the shore. The fish measured 9 ft. 5 inches in length by 5 ft. 6 inches circumference, and weighed 600 lbs. The head of the monster is now on exhibition at Sheep Island.

X. Y. Z.

Hingham.

Sermon Preached at the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The First Methodist Episcopal Society observed the fiftieth anniversary of its organization last Sunday with appropriate exercises. The service was opened with a sermon preached at 2 P.M. by Rev. Silas Spratt, of Colchester, text Phil. 11, 11. "I press toward the mark," etc.

After the service, a hymn was sung, and a short discourse followed.

Sept. 9, 1867, the building committee reported that \$1000 would be required to effect the alterations and repairs, and to pay the expenses of the service. They also stated that the amount of the offering was \$1000, and that the amount received from the Treasury and elsewhere \$2146.

The dedication of the vestry was ordered to take place Dec. 17, 1867, at 2 P.M., and a sum of \$1000 was appropriated for the same.

In the evening of Sabbath School observed its little anniversary, for which the church was beautifully decorated with floral wreaths, the arches in the form of a healthy man who does not use alcohol in any form, and then try it upon the man who is in the constant habit of using it, and you will find that the temperature is from 4 to 6 degrees lower in the latter case.

—He is accused of unbalancing the mental powers. When man was made he was pronounced good, and it is a sad thing that he has become so perverted from that goodness. There are four stages in this unbalancing: 1st, exclusive expansion of the body, cooling the vital parts, as may be proved by taking a thermometer and placing it at the root of the tongue of a healthy man who does not use alcohol in any form, and then try it upon the man who is in the constant habit of using it, and you will find that the temperature is from 4 to 6 degrees lower in the latter case.

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This local paper has an extensive circulation in wounding towns, and is an advertising medium has no superior in this vicinity.

ADVERTISING NOTICES INSERTED AT THE CENTS A LINE.

THE TELEPHONE AT A DEATH-BED.

When Rev. Dr. E. G. Brooks, the late distinguished Universalist clergyman of Philadelphia, was lying near death, his doctor, J. W. White, obtained a telephone, to divert him in his constant agony. His account of the strange scene which followed is given in the Christian Leader of Utica. On taking the telephone to his house, Dr. Brooks was found so weak and so distressed in his breathing that the physician was reluctant to try it, but the sick man insisted on the attempt. The wires were arranged between the sick man and the dining-room down stairs. Dr. White proceeds: When all was arranged, however, to the best of my ability, I placed one of the mouth-pieces in his hand, and told him, I would go down and test it, and if all the necessary conditions had been met, he could hear my voice, but that he would have to ask some one else to reply, as he was too weak to attempt it. Taking the mouth-piece at the other end of the line, I repeated:

"The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; for the multitude of the isles be glad thereof."

To my utter astonishment, instantly came the response:

"Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."

It was the voice of Dr. Brooks, the tones clear and distinct, the intonation and emphasis perfect. I was amazed. But a moment before I had left him apparently too weak and too much oppressed to speak above a whisper. I was fairly startled. I could not believe the testimony of my ear. I repeated:

"O come, let us worship and low down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker!"

Once more, and as promptly as in a church service, the doctor's voice responded:

"For he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his fold."

I then repeated a verse from that grand old hymn of Pierpont:

"Now not on Zion's height alone,
Thy favored worshipper may dwell;
Nor where at sultry noon thy Son
Sat weary, by the patriarch's well."

And, just as though it had been arranged beforehand, as promptly as a set form were being followed, the voice from that bed of sickness took up the strain:

"From every place below the skies
The favored song, the fervent prayer;
The incuse of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there."

I next quoted the first verse of the familiar hymn:

"O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe—
Till will not trouble on the brink
Of any earthly wave!"

And the doctor responded, quoting the last verse of the same hymn:

"Then comes my sober faith as this,
And then the calm of heaven's ease;
Well taste I now the hallowed bliss
Of eternal home!"

I was anxious that the doctor's strength, which was but weakness, should not be too far taxed, and I suggested that he had better allow some one else to speak for him, but he responded, "One thing more," and then, in slow measured, distinct utterances—the tone of triumph unmistakable—he repeated the jubilant testimony of Paul: "The sting of death is sin; but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

A strange and solemn sensation stole over me. A few minutes had left Dr. Brooks "sick unto death"—so weak, so oppressed, so distressed; laboring for breath; talking in disjointed utterances, but recently roused, as I had been told, from a sinking spell which was feared would have been his last. And now, in tones as clear, as distinct, as well enunciated as I ever heard from him in the pulpit when in health, and yet minimized by that strange, weird, thrilling, telephone meditation—preserving all that is characteristic in the speech of an individual, and at the same time giving the impression of almost infinite distance—came the triumphant exclamation:

"Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

I could but fancy that, during my absence from his bedside, the silver cord had been loosed; the golden bough broken, and that the exultant "Thanks be to God!" was the outburst of the freed spirit. And when I returned to his room and found him still in the flesh, I felt like one who unexpectedly meets with one whom he had thought dead.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR AUGUST.

The Midsummer Holiday number opens with a long funny poem entitled "King Cheese." It deals with a curious incident of the Paris Exhibition of 1857, and is illustrated with a very comical front-piece, and several smaller pictures. Sarah Winter Kellogg provides a Summer Fishing Story, "Rods for Five," which has a full-page picture of a leaping trout stream; and from Lucy Larcom there is a poem entitled "Happily Fields of Summer," with a suitable illustration; while Frank R. Stockton furnishes a fairy tale of gnomes, a bear and a little girl, under the title, "The Emergency Mistress." There is a short illustrated paper about the "Digger Wasps," with a brief but finely written article, with sensible hints, about "How to Trivel." Then, by way of contrast, comes "Gerty," a pathetic story of a very poor city boy and a sick little girl in winter time. The serials, "Under the Lilacs," and "Dab Kuzer," tell, among other good things, about an exhibition of oratory in a country school-house; of an interesting lottery match among the boys and girls; and of how three boys had an exciting trip to sea in a yacht. The editorial departments,—For Very Little Folks, Jack-in-the-pulpit, Letter-Box, and Riddle-Box,—are well-filled with bright, varied and attractive tid-bits.

A REMARKABLE FAMILY.

The parents of the Smith sisters were Zephaniah H. Smith, an eccentric congregational clergyman (a native of Gloucester) and a Yale graduate), and Hannah Hickock Smith. Mr. Smith died in February, 1830. Mrs. Smith, a woman of marked character, died in December, 1850. Their daughters, two in number, and all marked by phases, more or less distinct, of an original and peculiar character, bore also very queer names. These names, curiously enough, have never yet been correctly given in any of the numerous newspaper notices of the family. We here give them correctly, presenting them in the order of their birth:

Haney Zephina, born March, 1817; died June, 1871, at the age of 54.

Cyrilla Sacra, born May, 1818; died August, 1854.

Carilla Alenora, born November, 1820;

Julia Evelina, born 1791 or 1792; still living.

Abby Hadassah, born 1797; died July 23, 1858.

Each was marked by some peculiar talent in music, painting, gardening, or linguistic gifts. Julia, the survivor of the family, was the translator of the Bible from the original. Hers is, perhaps, the strongest character of the family. Each of the sisters had the broadly marked peculiarities of manner and speech of the rural New Englander.

Their religion, like their father's, has been peculiar. He ceased to be a preacher because, as he said, it was not right for any minister, or professed exponent of the laws of heaven, to stand between any person and his God; but matters pertaining to the soul and the future life, he said, every individual should be left to commune with heaven directly, or at least in his own way, without direction from any so-called minister of the Gospel.

This belief was shared by most, if not all, of his family. The result has been that, when a death has occurred in the old homestead, no minister was invited to conduct religious services, either at the house or the grave. The survivors, and perhaps a few of their nearest friends, would sit in a Quaker-like silence, in the house where the dead lay, and have their own high thoughts on eternal things—for they were all religious persons, though religiously peculiar—and then the burial would be made without religious services.

Such was the character of the funeral which took place at Gloucester.

WAGONS IN GERMANY.

The Department of State at Washington has received from the United States Consul at Bremen a very full report on labor and wages in his district. But a moment before I had left him apparently too weak and too much oppressed to speak above a whisper. I was fairly startled. I could not believe the testimony of my ear. I repeated:

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Nor where at sultry noon thy Son

Sat weary, by the patriarch's well."

And, just as though it had been arranged beforehand, as promptly as a set form were being followed, the voice from that bed of sickness took up the strain:

"From every place below the skies

The favored song, the fervent prayer;

The incuse of the heart, may rise

To heaven, and find acceptance there."

I next quoted the first verse of the familiar hymn:

"O for a faith that will not shrink,

Though pressed by every foe—

Till will not trouble on the brink

Of any earthly wave!"

And the doctor responded, quoting the last verse of the same hymn:

"Then comes my sober faith as this,

And then the calm of heaven's ease;

Well taste I now the hallowed bliss

Of eternal home!"

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United States, \$80,000,47.
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\$300,000.
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of the **Weymouth**,
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and will call.

Weymouth Gazette, BRAINTREE REPORTER.

VOL. 12.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1878.

NO. 15.

The Weymouth Gazette.

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shape which may be required.

A new and PATENT FREEZER has also been

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Orders addressed to the most faithful manager

to the office of the firm.

JOHN FOIL, JOHN MCCORMICK.

Weymouth, March 13, 1878.

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LITERATURE.

[For the Gazette.]

THE GOLDEN SHEEN.

DEATH OF THE GIANT

RHEUMATISM.

FOR the last fifteen years, thousands have

been experimenting in a variety of ways to

find a radical cure for one of the greatest afflictions of

mankind, the giant Rheumatism. Of the many rea-

sons that will permanently cure and drive away this great affliction.

DR. J. F. COOPER, of East Weymouth, has

discovered a safe and

radical CURE FOR THE WORST CASES OF

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA,

NEURALGIA, LAMENESS,

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5¢ READING NOTICES INSERTED AT TWO
CENTS A LINE.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1878.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE NATIONALS.

A review of the political situation by a Western Senator. Who and why and what is the new Third Party.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.

Notwithstanding and despite the hot weather, politics are again beginning to assert their sway. There is something in the disposition of the ordinary American citizen that demands political excitement as a sine qua non of citizenship, and it is this that permits the supply of this abnormal ingredient to exceed the demand. It is true that with us in Washington, with Congress scattered to the four winds of Heaven, and no local elections either present or prospective, we are to a degree dependent upon the provinces for our daily supply of political news; but there are days when a genuine live Congressional story breaks to town, and we make the most of him. Such was my fortune last evening, when spying his *otiose comlugate*, altogether too comfortably in front of the Rings, I hurried him without much trouble, and opened up blue without mercy. The truth was, I was anxious to ascertain something definite regarding the new greenback labor movement, and said as much at an early stage of the conversation.

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"But, senator, were the Tennessee majorities the result of the greenback movement?"

"Not exactly, though it amounts to that in the end. They were 'laboring men,' who have pulled out from both parties, principally in the South from the democrats, but I am afraid in the east they will draw largely from the republicans. Their success in the South is astonishing. Take Texas for instance, so thoroughly democratic that the republicans have no national organization, and who were so sure of sweeping the state that it became a mere question of settling the whole business in the Convention. But suddenly the Granger-Greenback leaders call a Convention for the 17th inst., to nominate state officers, and the response from all sections of the state is so enthusiastic, that the Texas papers estimate that there will be twenty thousand people at the Convention. And now the Galveston *News*, the leading democratic paper in the state, predicts the overwhelming defeat of the democratic ticket, providing of course, that the new party select good candidates. And this movement is sweeping into Louisiana and Mississippi, and unless I greatly mistake, will give the democracy their infinite trouble."

"Do you understand this southern movement to be the same as the Indiana-Ohio greenback party?"

"Not just yet. The southern movement is more largely agricultural, that is, it is an outgrowth of Grangerism, but it will unquestionably, draw in the greenback people, and form a wing of the new 'National party.' It is the same movement in reality, that in California was known as the 'non-partisan,' in the west as Greenback, and in the east as Labor-reform. The state campaigns will evidently be managed on these separate issues, but I believe the point of similarity are so many that they will coalesce without a great deal of dispute on all national issues, and in the end will become naturally the new Third party."

"What influence will this have on the new Congress?"

"That will depend, of course, upon what party it will draw from the greatest. If from the republicans, it will have the balance of power in the 46th Congress, and if from the democrats, it will result in making it strongly republican. In either event, and in any event, the next Congress, so far as the House is concerned, will not be democratic. You may consider that as absolutely certain as anything can be, in politics. The democratic majority in the House at present is but thirteen, and should they win lose but seven, they will have lost the House. I believe they would have lost it anyway to the republicans, but now the Greenback party have entered the house, the House is irreversibly lost to the democracy. They must console themselves with the Senate."

"To what general cause do you consider the growth of the National party should be assigned?"

"Generally, to the feeling of dissatisfaction with the leaders of both parties. I am almost tempted to say, a feeling of *diss*gust with those leaders, which not even they can easily define. The new party assumes to be the poor man's party, and I am not sure that it is not. I see no reason why, if rightly managed, it may not be the party of the future. And I see no hope of its being so managed. Its leaders may be men of conscience and integrity, solely intent on the good of the people whom they lead, and they will doubtless end in becoming blatant demagogues. In times of financial distress people are apt to lay their troubles to the fault of the government, which has really nothing to do with it, and arguing from these false premises they believe that a change of administration will bring about the remedy for all their ills. Men who organize for self-protection independent of politics, always end by becoming the stoutest politicians, and generally lose sight of their own interests in striving to revolutionize the old parties. Hence in the end the old organized parties profit by independent movements. Greeley's candidacy, which was intended to break up the republican party, actually gave it eight years more lease of power. I much fear, reasoning from precedent, that this new movement will fall under the control of political adventurers, who, managing it for their own ends, will destroy its usefulness before it has fairly determined its strength."

"What are its principles, that is, what does it actually seek to accomplish that may have important bearing on the present condition of things?"

"Well, I presume the Toledo platform fairly expresses the purposes of the movement. You may remember the Syracuse convention adopted the Toledo platform,

but nominated a political hack, who will likely defeat it in New York state. In Pennsylvania, where the movement is the strongest, there seems to be a slight modification of the principles enunciated at Toledo, and perhaps the Philadelphia convention best explains what the Nationals hope to accomplish. They hold, (st.) That the public lands should be divided among the people, instead of the railways; that means no more subsidies, 2d. That the government should protect industry and alone issue money based upon the wealth and integrity of the nation, instead of gold and silver; that means unlimited Greenbacks. 3d. Interest not to exceed three per cent per annum; that means an attack on the bondholder and national bank system. 4th. Bonds to be paid in currency greenbacks; that is the strict interpretation of the law under which the debt was contracted. 5th. Specie payment, that demands political excitement as a sine qua non of citizenship, and it is this that permits the supply of this abnormal ingredient to exceed the demand. It is true that with us in Washington, with Congress scattered to the four winds of Heaven, and no local elections either present or prospective, we are to a degree dependent upon the provinces for our daily supply of political news; but there are days when a genuine live Congressional story breaks to town, and we make the most of him. Such was my fortune last evening, when spying his *otiose comlugate*, altogether too comfortably in front of the Rings, I hurried him without much trouble, and opened up blue without mercy. The truth was, I was anxious to ascertain something definite regarding the new greenback labor movement, and said as much at an early stage of the conversation.

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The Weymouth Gazette.

BOSTONED AT

Ten Dollars per annum, in advance; Two and a Half at the expiration of the year.
OFFICE, WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEWPORT, MASS.

C. G. EASTERRIDGE, EDITOR.

OF HEADING NOTICES INSERTED AT TEN CENTS A LINE. PAMPHLET WORK EXECUTED IN A SUPERIOR MANNER AT THIS OFFICE.

BRAINTREE DEPARTMENT.

The Storm.
Here, Sunday, was quite severe. Some hollisters were picked up pretty large size.

During the shower the house of T. M. Dugan, on River street, was struck by lightning, the bolt entering near the chimney, tearing plastering and woodwork to the kitchen, and setting the house on fire, but the flame was soon extinguished.

In another shower an outbuilding of Michael McDermott, in East Braintree, was struck, and Mrs. Flannigan, who was at the window of a house nearby, was partly stunned and thrown to the floor, and her son, who was outside, was so affected that he could reach the house only by crawling on his hands and knees.

Some two months ago Mr. Waldo French was hooked by a cow, which proves to be quite a serious affair, causing the entire loss of one eye and very much endangering the other. He has been under a physician's care ever since.

Visitors.

It is a little singular that during the past week the town has been visited by the descendants of two of the deceased former pastors of the First Church, in search of genealogical facts in regard to them. Most of your readers know that three different ministers have held this pastorate, each of them a half century, viz., Dr. S. Storrs, Dr. A. (Ames) and Dr. J. H. Tappan. The grandfather of Mr. Wells, from Baltimore, and the great-grandson of Mr. Miles, from St. Louis, each visited the town last week, to gain information in regard to their ancestors.

L. P. H.

EAST BRAINTREE.

Drowned.

On Monday last, Florence, a young daughter of Mr. F. C. Allen, drowned. She left the house between 3 and 4 o'clock to play with her mates, and supposing that she was with them, her mother felt easy about her, but about an hour afterwards, the mother being uneasy at her prolonged absence, began to make inquiry in the neighborhood, but found no one had seen her and a search for her commenced. Mrs. Allen went to the pond to look for her, and a little way behind her, going there for the same purpose, was Mr. H. L. Loring, Jr. The mother was the first to discover the body of the little one drowning in the water in the rear of Mr. Dushane's, under an oak tree. She took hold of the clothes and pulled her toward the shore, and Mr. Loring being near, held her up, when Mrs. A. became prostrated from the sudden shock. Soon recovering, she was enabled to reach the house with the others when everything was done that could be to bring the daughter back to life, but with out avail. She was an interesting child, one who seemed to be a favorite in the neighborhood, and of course did almost for her parents, who alone will know how much she is missed from the heartthome of her home. The sympathy of friends and neighbors have been freely and cordially extended to them in this, their sad bereavement.

A.

Installation.

At the meeting of Faith Lodge, No. 44, I. O. O. F., held Saturday evening, the following band of officers was installed by Deputy Charles Hawes: W. C. T., Wm. A. Allen; W. V. T., Sase Allen; W. S., Jennie Barrett; W. A. S., Ella Pennington; W. F. S., John V. Allen; W. T., James Harvey; W. C., Minnie C. Davis; W. M., Wm. E. Phelon; W. D. M., Amelia Bechamel; W. L. G., Fannie Dugay; W. G. G., Alfred A. Cook; W. R. H., S., Isabel Peters; W. L. H. S., Alice H. Henry.

The Lodge received an invitation from Reynolds Lodge, of Quincy, to attend the Good Templars picnic at Silver Lake, Plympton, Aug. 20.

Church Services.

Will be held in good Templars hall, next Sunday evening, at 6 o'clock; by Rev. J. A. Jerome, of Trinity Church.

SAXON.

The Midnight Howlers.

Held twice on Hix's Hill, at 11:30 p. m. of a recent evening, and after transacting important business in the junk hotel line, two of the members had a slight misunderstanding, which they proceeded to settle according to the rules of the prize ring—a ring was made and two of the brethren selected for a third act as referee, while two others volunteered their services as bell-holders, and the bitter argument immediately began. It was a very scientific display, but on the appearance of "Bell" during the ninth round, the meeting adjourned sine die, and the members who had not taken too much tongueflop immediately vanished.

N. Y. Z.

LETTER FROM MAINE.

HARFORD, Me., July 26, 1878.—
My Editor—I wish to inform many of the sons and daughters of Maine through your columns, that the R. R. from Mechanic Falls to Linton village, instead of being dormant and grown over by bushes, is a thing of life and activity. The managers of the road have made it one of the best equipped roads in Maine; the bridges are all new, substantially built, the rails laid on new sleepers, on solid foundations; the cars are models of beauty from Patten's works, Bath, having all the best appliances; the depots new and convenient. The train reaches Linton village the 13th, with many invited guests, and commenced regular trips on the 15th. The people all along the line, have full confidence that disappointment, as of old, will not await the traveler, as he is landed from the train.

The new steamer of Hubbard, filled the 25th barrel reservoir Brookville one afternoon last week, doing it in thirty-five hours.

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The Weymouth Gazette.

C. G. EASTERBROOK, EDITOR.

This local paper has an extensive circulation in our surrounding towns, and is an advertising medium has no superior in this vicinity.

SP. READING NOTICE INSERTED AT TEN CENTS A LINE.

(Special Correspondence of the Gazette.)

A VACATION.

Speaking of vacation, your correspondent has enjoyed a vacation of two days that perhaps you would like to hear about. Some of our South Braintree friends have a dear old home, father and mother and sisters in Marshfield, and it is a famous place to go huckleberrying. Last week Wednesday day these friends conceived the idea that it would be fun to go to Marshfield berrying. What go twenty miles to pick berries? But you know a Yankie never stops to count miles; if he wants to do a thing it immediately becomes practicable and is done. So a horse and carriage were found equal to the occasion, your humble servant was invited and arrangements were made to start at half past four Friday morning and camp out for breakfast on the road. We were all stowed away in the carriage, 6 of us, 2 of whom were children, a little after five o'clock, and started merrily on our way. At about half past six we found a pleasant spot where we camped out and ate breakfast with a good relish after our ride in the fresh air. Once more on our way, we jogged along, enjoying every minute of this delightful morning ride. The ground was familiar, and filled with pleasant reminiscences to most of the party, though new to me, and the stories told of the different places along the way, the scenes of other days recalled, together with the songs we sang by way of variety, made five hours pass quickly and pleasantly. The schoolhouses "thim" we passed were nearly all fraught with some recollections, either as the scene of the labors of some of our party or that of one of her many sisters. The ride was enjoyed by all, and it was with pleasant anticipations of surprising the dear father and mother, that we struck up Home, Sweet Home, as we neared the residence of Mr. Stephen Gardner. We had got fairly launched upon the familiar melody of that very appropriate song, when one of our party, after looking eagerly over the house and seeing unmistakable signs, broke in upon us most irreverently, exclaiming "There isn't a soul at home." This was a joke, and in the matter of surprise the tables were completely turned upon us. It was too true, and the welcome that we were sure from the kind friends at Marshfield, was missed. We got into the great, cool, comfortable house, and found that we were dreadfully tired, in fact which we might never have discovered had we found our friends at home. The disconsolate looking faces were such a contrast to the cheerful ones of a few moments before. Mrs. D., in particular, sat in the great rocking-chair with her feet on her vase and declared herself completely used up, while both she and Mrs. H. declared it was too bad and that there was no fun in coming home if father and mother weren't there. After an hour or so, we all rallied, and concluded to get dinner and make the best of it. Dinner was about ready, when the sound of carriage wheels announced an arrival, which proved to be none other than the father and mother, the sight of whose dear faces was the real object of our journey after all. It is wonderful the way that company brightened up, and from that moment all went "energy as a marriage bell." After dinner, Mr. Gardner harnessed his horse and took us up to the great hill. It was so funny driving up that great steep hill, no roads, and through pasture land. But the view from the top! I wish I could describe it to you. On the right in all its mighty grandeur rolled the ocean. As far as eye could see were the beautiful waters of Massachusetts Bay, from Cape Cod to Cape Ann, in one sweep of vision. It is a sight I shall never forget. In a clear day Provincetown can be seen through a glass, and Cape Ann, Plymouth and the Brant Rock. I doubt if a better view of Massachusetts Bay can be obtained anywhere than upon "Hatch's Hill." On the left of the hill the landscape is very fine, but this other view almost took away my breath. Think of picking berries after that. However I got about four quarts, while the rest were picking four or five. (N.B. mine didn't need picking over,) and hungry and tired we came home to tea, "all there was left of them," some having been tired out earlier and one having been frightened home by a terrible sound like the tramping of a horse, that might have been a bear of prey, who knew? After hearing a sound for some time that the rest failed to discover, she put her ear down to the ground and was satisfied, and after warning the rest, she went home with nearly a pint of berries to carry to Braintree, her trophies of the day's exploits. The evening was very pleasantly and socially spent after the "berry pasture" had yielded up several more of the sisters of this pleasant family. We went to sleep listening to the music of the little pond lapping against the bridge, and thought this little village of Littleton, in Marshfield, and particularly Mr. Stephen Gardner's home, a very pleasant spot. Saturday morning, tired as we were, we wanted so much to go to the top of that great hill on the other side, where we could get a better view of the bay, that we found one of the party willing to take the tramp, and we started. At the top of the hill, in the most desirable spot, a first class hotel was built some years ago and nicely furnished, but before it had received its occupants it was burned to the ground, one night. We went up to the ruins and standing on the cellar walls, had the most commanding view of the whole water scene that we could get from any point, and it was worth the trouble. Descending the hill on another side we went round the ferry mud up on Ferry hill, the view from which was a picture. The river at the foot of the hill, a narrow stretch of land and the beach beyond with the grand old bay rolling its waters upon its smooth surface, was a

VEGETINE, FOR DROPSY,

I never shall
Forget the first Dose.

PROVIDENCE.

Mr. H. L. STEVENS.—
Dear Sir.—I have been a great sufferer from dropsy for more than three years. I was confined to my bed entirely before I was obliged to have men help me in and out of bed, and was unable to walk. I could hardly eat, and was always weak. I suffered all manner of pain, and was unable to sleep. I suffered from dropsy for many nights I expected to die before morning. At last Vegetine was given to me, and I found it did me good. I could realize its good effects from day to day. I was getting better. After I had taken Vegetine for a month, I found the dropsy had gone quite fast. After taking some 10 bottles, I could not find one particle of dropsy, but this time disappeared. I took taking the Vegetine until I regained my health. I then stopped, and was able to stand to my work. I am a carpenter and am now in full strength again. I am a widow, and my wife, who had suffered from dropsy for many years, has been cured. She says the dropsy was caused by the dropsy in myself. I have no doubt in my mind, that it will cure others. I am anxious to give a child. I will recommend it to the world. My father is 80 years old, and still in full strength. He is a good man, and likes to live as an active person. I cannot be too grateful for the use of it.

Very truly yours, JOHN S. NOTTAIE.

THE ORGAN AND CHOIR.

It may contribute something to the formation of a healthy public opinion against bad organ-playing in relation to public singing, if we point out some of the common faults of defective and half-trained organists. In some instances, no mortal can tell what will be the time of the singing from the speed at which the organist plays over the tune. It seems as though he were keeping the time in secret only to be disclosed when the congregational singing actually began. Some players make the widest and most startling contrasts between the loud and soft passages, and if these contrast-men could have their way with the music, they would be satisfied with nothing less than to pass at once from the soft tone to a loud peal of thunder. Grace notes, runs and flourishes, such as were never written in hymn tunes by any composer who was not an actual inmate in a lunatic asylum, are put in by the organist to the gratification of his pride and the destruction of everything like congregational singing. Perhaps the most painful and dolorous performance by which a minister can be annoyed is the skipping and octave prancing with which some organists occasionally disturb the singing; they have only to go a little further and get somebody to shake a large bunch of keys in the orchestra in imitation of the tambourine, and then the suggestion of the leaping dances would be complete. Another instrument of torture, not un-used by organists who occasionally become oblivious of the laws of good taste, consists in the abrupt and transient introduction of a few notes of the air played one or two octaves higher than the singing of the congregation; it suddenly begins, as it were, in the distance, like the piping wind, and while the shrill whistle attracts the startled attention of everybody, those who are principally used to the extravagant innovation resort to the old soliloquy: "Here they are again, the drum and the fifes band, coming up behind the preacher." Sometimes it is impossible to hear with my enjoyment the singing of the congregation by reason of the persistent loud playing of the organ. The performer forgets that his work is not to overwhelm and drown the voices, but to help them, and develop them to the best advantage. Other organists have the habit of occasionally dying away in a whisper, as though they played best when the congregation could not hear them; but to sing with a whispering organ is like walking on thin ice. There is nothing to sustain the voices of the congregation, nothing to blend them, and nothing to give them confidence. A good organist will neither try to show off himself nor his instrument in the House of God. His sole aim will be to assist in giving musical expression to those devout sentiments which are in the hymn, and which are often inspired afresh by good singing.

NOTED MEN.

The death of Mr. Bryant at the good old age of eighty-four has raised a natural curiosity as to the age of some noted literary people still living, and that of others who have "passed on." The following table gives a list of sixty well-known names under each head. The figures may not be absolutely accurate in every case, but they are substantially so:

Living.—Jacob Abbott 75, Edmund About 50, Wm. T. Adams 60, A. B. Alcott 70, T. B. Aldrich 42, Berthold Auerbach 69, George Bancroft 78, Robert Browning 60, Carlyle 83, S. L. Clemens 43, G. W. Curtis 54, R. H. Dana 41, Harriet 63, Disraeli 73, Howells 67, Emerson 75, J. F. Frazee 60, W. E. Gladstone 49, Asa Gray 63, Bret Harte 34, J. G. Holland 50, Dr. Holmes 69, Julia Ward Howe 50, Thomas Hughes 55, Victor Hugo 56, H. W. Longfellow 71, Benson 44, Lossing 65, Herman Melville 50, Donald G. Mitchell 56, Max Muller 54, Mayne Reid 60, Remond 55, Ruskin 54, John G. Savage 62, Mrs. Stowe 66, Bayard Taylor 53, Thennyson 69, Anthony Trollope 63, Whittier 71, F. W. Newman 73, J. H. Newman 77, Clas, Reade 61, Wilkie Collins 53, A. C. Swinburne 61, Wm. Morris 41, E. C. Stedman 45, Edgar Fawcett 51, Thos. Hardy 58, Wm. Black 37, M. F. Tupper 48, C. D. Warner 41, W. D. Howells 41, Miss Alcott 45, Miss E. S. Phelps 34.

Deceased.—John C. Abbott 72, Agassiz 66, Hans Anderson 70, Aristotle 51, Jane Austen 42, Francis Bacon 65, Balzac 51, Lord Byron 57, Albert Barnes 72, Richard Baxter 75, Francis Beaumont 50, James Gordon Bennett 77, Beranger 77, Boccaccio 62, James Boswell 55, Fredrika Bremer 61, Charlotte Bronte 39, Charles F. Browne 33, Mrs. Browning 52, Buckle 40, Bulwer 68, Bunyan 60, Burns 37, Lord Byron 36, Calderon 81, Campbell 67, Chateaubriand 62, Cooper 62, Copper 63, De Quincey 71, Dickens 58, Dryden 63, Dunlap 57, Miss Edgeworth 62, Gibson 57, Goethe 53, Goldsmith 45, Horace Greeley 61, Halley 77, Hawthorne 60, Arthur Helps 60, Mrs. Hemans 41, Richard Hildreth 58, Washington Irving 76, Samuel Johnson 69, Keats 52, Longfellow 50, Charles Lamb 50, Macaulay 59, Harriet Martineau 71, Thomas Moore 73, S. H. Mill 67, Milton 66, Montaigne 59, Poe 40, Prescott 63, Scott 61, Shakespeare 62, Thackeray 62.

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N.Y. L. P. II.

Speaking of vacation, your correspondent has enjoyed a vacation of two days that perhaps you would like to hear about. Some of our South Braintree friends have a dear old home, father and mother and sisters in Marshfield, and it is a famous place to go huckleberrying. Last week Wednesday day these friends conceived the idea that it would be fun to go to Marshfield berrying. What go twenty miles to pick berries? But you know a Yankie never stops to count miles; if he wants to do a thing it immediately becomes practicable and is done. So a horse and carriage were found equal to the occasion, your humble servant was invited and arrangements were made to start at half past four Friday morning and camp out for breakfast on the road. We were all stowed away in the carriage, 6 of us, 2 of whom were children, a little after five o'clock, and started merrily on our way. At about half past six we found a pleasant spot where we camped out and ate breakfast with a good relish after our ride in the fresh air. Once more on our way, we jogged along, enjoying every minute of this delightful morning ride. The ground was familiar, and filled with pleasant reminiscences to most of the party, though new to me, and the stories told of the different places along the way, the scenes of other days recalled, together with the songs we sang by way of variety, made five hours pass quickly and pleasantly. The schoolhouses "thim" we passed were nearly all fraught with some recollections, either as the scene of the labors of some of our party or that of one of her many sisters. The ride was enjoyed by all, and it was with pleasant anticipations of surprising the dear father and mother, that we struck up Home, Sweet Home, as we neared the residence of Mr. Stephen Gardner. We had got fairly launched upon the familiar melody of that very appropriate song, when one of our party, after looking eagerly over the house and seeing unmistakable signs, broke in upon us most irreverently, exclaiming "There isn't a soul at home." This was a joke, and in the matter of surprise the tables were completely turned upon us. It was too true, and the welcome that we were sure from the kind friends at Marshfield, was missed. We got into the great, cool, comfortable house, and found that we were dreadfully tired, in fact which we might never have discovered had we found our friends at home. The disconsolate looking faces were such a contrast to the cheerful ones of a few moments before. Mrs. D., in particular, sat in the great rocking-chair with her feet on her vase and declared herself completely used up, while both she and Mrs. H. declared it was too bad and that there was no fun in coming home if father and mother weren't there. After an hour or so, we all rallied, and concluded to get dinner and make the best of it. Dinner was about ready, when the sound of carriage wheels announced an arrival, which proved to be none other than the father and mother, the sight of whose dear faces was the real object of our journey after all. It is wonderful the way that company brightened up, and from that moment all went "energy as a marriage bell." After dinner, Mr. Gardner harnessed his horse and took us up to the great hill. It was so funny driving up that great steep hill, no roads, and through pasture land. But the view from the top! I wish I could describe it to you. On the right in all its mighty grandeur rolled the ocean. As far as eye could see were the beautiful waters of Massachusetts Bay, from Cape Cod to Cape Ann, in one sweep of vision. It is a sight I shall never forget. In a clear day Provincetown can be seen through a glass, and Cape Ann, Plymouth and the Brant Rock. I doubt if a better view of Massachusetts Bay can be obtained anywhere than upon "Hatch's Hill." On the left of the hill the landscape is very fine, but this other view almost took away my breath. Think of picking berries after that. However I got about four quarts, while the rest were picking four or five. (N.B. mine didn't need picking over,) and hungry and tired we came home to tea, "all there was left of them," some having been tired out earlier and one having been frightened home by a terrible sound like the tramping of a horse, that might have been a bear of prey, who knew? After hearing a sound for some time that the rest failed to discover, she put her ear down to the ground and was satisfied, and after warning the rest, she went home with nearly a pint of berries to carry to Braintree, her trophies of the day's exploits. The evening was very pleasantly and socially spent after the "berry pasture" had yielded up several more of the sisters of this pleasant family. We went to sleep listening to the music of the little pond lapping against the bridge, and thought this little village of Littleton, in Marshfield, and particularly Mr. Stephen Gardner's home, a very pleasant spot. Saturday morning, tired as we were, we wanted so much to go to the top of that great hill on the other side, where we could get a better view of the bay, that we found one of the party willing to take the tramp, and we started. At the top of the hill, in the most desirable spot, a first class hotel was built some years ago and nicely furnished, but before it had received its occupants it was burned to the ground, one night. We went up to the ruins and standing on the cellar walls, had the most commanding view of the whole water scene that we could get from any point, and it was worth the trouble. Descending the hill on another side we went round the ferry mud up on Ferry hill, the view from which was a picture. The river at the foot of the hill, a narrow stretch of land and the beach beyond with the grand old bay rolling its waters upon its smooth surface, was a

picture for a painter, but which my poor pen fails to describe. At ten o'clock we started for home, making calls on the way and dining with friends, among whom was a student of Phillips' Academy, who saw "our Professor Sewall" at Centenary celebration of that Institution and admired him only just seeing him. We spent a very pleasant hour or two in this family, recalling old scenes. For one of the party a sort of house this must have been when she was teaching in this vicinity, where she often went Friday nights and stayed over Sunday, and the visit was a great delight to her and very pleasant to us all. We arrived home at about five, tired but still delighted by the change, the many hours spent in the open air, and the real enjoyment in the whole trip. Our thanks are due our kind friends who included us in this family party, and the kind Marshfield friends who so heartily adopted us into the family and made us feel that we were one of them.

L. P. II.

THE ORGAN AND CHOIR.

It may contribute something to the formation of a healthy public opinion against bad organ-playing in relation to public singing, if we point out some of the common faults of defective and half-trained organists. In some instances, no mortal can tell what will be the time of the singing from the speed at which the organist plays over the tune. It seems as though he were keeping the time in secret only to be disclosed when the congregational singing actually began. Some players make the widest and most startling contrasts between the loud and soft passages, and if these contrast-men could have their way with the music, they would be satisfied with nothing less than to pass at once from the soft tone to a loud peal of thunder. Grace notes, runs and flourishes, such as were never written in hymn tunes by any composer who was not an actual inmate in a lunatic asylum, are put in by the organist to the gratification of his pride and the destruction of everything like congregational singing. Perhaps the most painful and dolorous performance by which a minister can be annoyed is the skipping and octave prancing with which some organists occasionally disturb the singing; they have only to go a little further and get somebody to shake a large bunch of keys in the orchestra in imitation of the tambourine, and then the suggestion of the leaping dances would be complete. Another instrument of torture, not un-used by organists who occasionally become oblivious of the laws of good taste, consists in the abrupt and transient introduction of a few notes of the air played one or two octaves higher than the singing of the congregation; it suddenly begins, as it were, in the distance, like the piping wind, and while the shrill whistle attracts the startled attention of everybody, those who are principally used to the extravagant innovation resort to the old soliloquy: "Here they are again, the drum and the fifes band, coming up behind the preacher." Sometimes it is impossible to hear with my enjoyment the singing of the congregation by reason of the persistent loud playing of the organ. The performer forgets that his work is not to overwhelm and drown the voices, but to help them, and develop them to the best advantage. Other organists have the habit of occasionally dying away in a whisper, as though they played best when the congregation could not hear them; but to sing with a whispering organ is like walking on thin ice. There is nothing to sustain the voices of the congregation, nothing to blend them, and nothing to give them confidence. A good organist will neither try to show off himself nor his instrument in the House of God. His sole aim will be to assist in giving musical expression to those devout sentiments which are in the hymn, and which are often inspired afresh by good singing.

NOTED MEN.

The death of Mr. Bryant at the good old age of eighty-four has raised a natural curiosity as to the age of some noted literary people still living, and that of others who have "passed on." The following table gives a list of sixty well-known names under each head. The figures may not be absolutely accurate in every case, but they are substantially so:

Living.—Jacob Abbott 75, Edmund About 50, Wm. T. Adams 60, A. B. Alcott 70, T. B. Aldrich 42, Berthold Auerbach 69, George Bancroft 78, Robert Browning 60, Carlyle 83, S. L. Clemens 43, G. W. Curtis 54, R. H. Dana 41, Harriet 63, Disraeli 73, Howells 67, Emerson 75, J. F. Frazee 60, W. E. Gladstone 49, Asa Gray 63, Bret Harte 34, J. G. Holland 50, Dr. Holmes 69, Julia Ward Howe 50, Thomas Hughes 55, Victor Hugo 56, H. W. Longfellow 71, Benson 44, Lossing 65, Herman Melville 50, Donald G. Mitchell 56, Max Muller 54, Mayne Reid 60, Remond 55, Ruskin 54, John G. Savage 62, Mrs. Stowe 66, Bayard Taylor 53, Thennyson 69, Anthony Trollope 63, Whittier 71, F. W. Newman 73, J. H. Newman 77, Clas, Reade 61, Wilkie Collins 53, A. C. Swinburne 61, Wm. Morris 41, E. C. Stedman 45, Edgar Fawcett 51, Thos. Hardy 58, Wm. Black 37, M. F. Tupper 48, C. D. Warner 41, W. D. Howells 41, Miss Alcott 45, Miss E. S. Phelps 34.

Deceased.—John C. Abbott 72, Agassiz 66, Hans Anderson 70, Aristotle 51, Jane Austen 42, Francis Bacon 65, Balzac 51, Lord Byron 57, Albert Barnes 72, Richard Baxter 75, Francis Beaumont 50, James Gordon Bennett 77, Beranger 77, Boccaccio 62, James Boswell 55, Fredrika Bremer 61, Charlotte Bronte 39, Charles F. Browne 33, Mrs. Browning 52, Buckle 40, Bulwer 68, Bunyan 60, Burns 37, Lord Byron 36, Calderon 81, Campbell 67, Chateaubriand 62, Cooper 62, Copper 63, De Quincey 71, Dickens 58, Dryden 63, Dunlap 57, Miss Edgeworth 62, Gibson 57, Goethe 53, Goldsmith 45, Horace Greeley 61, Halley 77, Hawthorne 60, Arthur Helps 60, Mrs. Hemans 41, Richard Hildreth 58, Washington Irving 76, Samuel Johnson 69, Keats 52, Longfellow 50, Charles Lamb 50, Macaulay 59, Harriet Martineau 71, Thomas Moore 73, S. H. Mill 67, Milton 66, Montaigne 59, Harris 40, Prescott 63, Scott 61, Shakespeare 62, Thackeray 62.

Having secured the services of an EXPERIENCED OPERATOR, I am prepared to do GOOD WORK, as formerly and perhaps.

MUCH BETTER.

All want of Good Pictures, in any style either LADY, CANVASS, &c. Price, per Half PAGE.

INVITED to call and have a trial.

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The Weymouth Gazette.

PUBLISHED AT

Ten Dollars per annum, in advance. Two
and a Half of the expiration of the year.

OFFICE, WASHINGTON SQUARE, WEYMOUTH, MASS.

C. G. EASTERBROOK, EDITOR.

READING NOTICES INSERTED AT TEN
CENTS A LINE.

PAMPHLET WORK EXECUTED IN A SUPERIOR
MANER AT THIS OFFICE.

BRAINTREE DEPARTMENT.

"Could those who are in search
of other's faults be led to impute some
of their own?"

"O could some power the giftie givin,
To see ourselves as others see us,"

"then, perhaps, would be manifested less
of the spirit of the Pharisee who
thanked God that he was not as other
men."

In the same issue there appeared an
attempt to criticize my criticism of the
Chief Engineer's report. The article
does not deny or disprove any of the
facts we presented, neither does it give
any additional light to the subject.
Mostly it goes over ground already min-
gled, no doubt, and the article as a
defence of the Engineers has had but
few equals since the now famous one
upon "The Philosopher and the Jack-
ass."

X. Y. Z.

EAST BRAINTREE.

Mrs. Mary White, aged 103 years,
5 months and 12 days, went home on
Monday, Aug. 13, after a long illness of
nearly two months, during which she
entered upon her second life. Braintree
has no longer its centenarian of
which to boast. Of a life so quiet and
modestous but little can be said.—
For sixty-four years she was a consist-
ent member of the First Church, hav-
ing been a vestry-woman, a deaconess,
and a Deacon. She was its beloved pastor.
Through all these years her faith grew
and strengthened and her Saviour was
present in her last hours. She seemed
perfectly conscious that she had come
to the borders of that river which we
must all cross, and prepared her soul
accordingly. Her deathbed was a scene
of quietness prepared by His love. The
last time she partook of the sacrament
was on the occasion of her last birthday,
but still she received it with a smile.
Her friends gathered around her, and
she died with a smile on her lips.

SAXON.

MR. EDITOR.—In your last week's
paper I noticed in the report of the re-
gatta that the Wawa came in ahead of
the rest by eight minutes or more. It
is justice to the boat and her friends to
say that they came in first because the
race was ahead by 16 seconds. It looks
strange to me that every other
yacht's time should be correct and mine
not. There is some feeling in this matter,
and we wish you to correct in this
week's paper.

[Not having the copy at hand, we can
only presume that our reporter got the
return mixed.—Ed.]

HINGHAM.

Bald on a Notorious Report.

A person named Harry Holbrook, became

a resident of this town about two months

ago, occupying the house of the late Clas-
eobath, on East St. The place has ac-
quired an enviable notoriety on account

of assemblage of men and women, who ap-
peared to obtain liquor on the premises,

soothing the weariness of travel, and
refreshing the spirits of the passengers.

Mr. Holbrook, son of Mr. Elias Hay-
ward, of Braintree, and wife, Mrs. Wallace

Mayhew and wife, Edward Hayward,

opened the establishment with a view to

attract a large audience.

The Sunday following, the citizens of the

town will have the pleasure of listening to

the Rev. Philip Brooks, Rector of Trinity

Church, Boston, who will open the First

Chapel. Dr. Dearing will adjust the

service, and we hope, strong and sonorous.

TO THE CITIZENS OF WEYMOUTH AND VICINITY.

WE ARE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THAT

THE REV. DR. CURRAN, OF THE COMMERCIAL

SCHOOL, WILL PREACH ON SUNDAY EVENING,

AT THE OLD CORNER, ON DOCK-SQUARE,

AT 7 O'CLOCK.

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C. G. EASTERBROOK, EDITOR.

This local paper has an extensive circulation in surrounding towns, and a large advertising medium has been secured in this vicinity.

OF READING NOTICES INSERTED AT THE CENTS A LINE.

A NEWSPAPER FILE.

It was two days after Aunt Priscilla's funeral, and Sue and I were sitting together by the kitchen fire, with that hush over our spirits still that follows a death and burial. All the afternoon we had been busy in getting the house to rights, not minding yet with the things that had been hers, and were now ours, but by dint of open windows, sunshine, and furniture dusted and rearranged, trying to restore to the rooms that familiar look which they had lost during these weeks of anxiety and trouble.

A few days more and we must face a future which was full of terrors. Meantime, at least, as well as inclination, accorded a brief respite in which to think of her who had gone, and of each other, with the clinging fondness of those whose lives, never before parted, were about to separate.

She sat on a low stool, her head against the chimney-jamb. It was the chimney of Aunt Priscilla's youth; she never would alter it—one of the wide, old-fashioned kind, with pot-hooks, and blazing logs, and a backsore at one side. The soul-laden bricks and faint red glow made a background for my sister's head, with the great twist of fair hair, and lily-like slender throat.

Sue is very pretty, prettier than anybody I ever saw. I recollect a picture as I looked at her—a picture of Cinderella sitting in just such an attitude by the chimney-side. She was equally picturesque at that moment; so far as looks go equally worthy of a prince; but, alas! no fairy godmother was likely to emerge from the apper-room for her benefit.

Aunt Pris, who in a small way, had enacted that toward us, was gone, and her big rocking-chair which we had no heart to sit in, swung empty in its accustomed place, type of like emptiness which we were conscious of in other things, and would feel for a long time to come.

Neither of us spoke for a while. We were tired and spiritless, and John was coming presently to talk over things, so we saved our words.

Dr. Sherman—John—was Sue's lover. Their poor little engagement had been formed two years ago. How many years it was likely to last, nobody could guess; but they held on to it bravely, and were content to wait. Pretty soon, as I have searched the house over today, and this is all there is of any value, when I was interrupted by a startled cry. Sue was gazing at the paper in her hand with large, dilated eyes and flushed cheeks.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed I, in a breath.

"Just read this! Oh, John, I cannot believe it!"

She thrust the paper into his hand, and he read:

\$1000. The office file of our paper having been destroyed by fire on the evening of the 16th inst., we offer the above price for a complete and perfect set of the *Intelligencer* from its first number, March 4, 1830, to present date. Any person able to supply a set as stated, will please communicate with the publisher, P. O. Box 2331, New York.

Sold by all Druggists in Weymouth and Braintree.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound,

Is a positive cure for all those Complaints and Weaknesses peculiar to Women.

There are complaints of women now living in the United States, in good health, who before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had been disabled for life, and could not get well again without a thought of its value? A thousand dollars, now! Any rich man would consider it a mere bagatelle in his expenses; but if I could command the sum, it would make us three comfortable for life."

"How do you mean? What would you do with a thousand dollars? If you had it, John?"

"I will tell you. Dr. Langworthy is going to sell his practice."

"Oh!"

"It is a large practice for the country you know. He has a chance to go into partnership with his brother over West somewhere, and he will sell for a thousand."

"If we sold everything, all this which unity left us—the home, everything—couldn't we get the thousand dollars?"

I asked, desparately.

John shook his head, and after a little more talk he rose to go.

"Did you stop at the post-office, John?"

"Yes," said John, producing the papers in which we read that the Intelligencer office had been burned, with a large loss.

"Poor aunt! how sorry she would be!" said Sue. "Aunt took the paper ever since it began, and she never missed a number. There it is, the wide, old-fashioned kind, with pot-hooks, and blazing logs, and a backsore at one side. The soul-laden bricks and faint red glow made a background for my sister's head, with the great twist of fair hair, and lily-like slender throat.

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Weymouth Gazette, BRAINTREE REPORTER.

VOL. 12.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1878.

NO. 18.

The Weymouth Gazette.
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C. G. EASTERRICK,
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, AT WEYMOUTH,
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FOR SALE BY
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RESPECTFULLY informs the public that he
has established himself
near HOBART'S MILLS,
SHAW ST., EAST BRAINTREE,
where he is prepared to fill all orders for
BLACKSMITH, HORSE, HORSE
SHOEING, CARRIAGE WORK,
etc. A share of public patronage is solicited and
strictly guaranteed.

M. FRENCH, Jr.,
DEALER IN
STOVES, RANGES, CARPET
SWEEPERS, Etc.
TIN ROOFING AND JOBBING DONE TO ORDER.
Clothes Wringers Required.
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25th Street

Henry L. Thayer,
LIVERY, BOARDING & BAITING
STABLE,
Washington Square, WEYMOUTH,
27th Street

HAY and STRAW
FOR SALE.

CONSTANTLY on hand, first quality Hay and
Straw, for sale at wholesale and retail, by
BAKER'S EXPRESS.
Also constantly on hand, Mineral Soil, for Horses,
Weymouth, April 10, 1878. 4500

CHARLES Q. TIRELL,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

OFFICE 20 COURT ST., ROOM 14, BOSTON,
prompt and careful attention paid to any kind of
legal business.

VIOLINS!

VIOLINS MADE TO ORDER, AND CON-
STANTLY ON HAND.

Prices, from \$20.00, to \$35.00.

Repairing done at short notice,

AND ON REASONABLE TERMS.

ISRAEL A. DAILEY,
LINCOLN SQUARE,
WEYMOUTH LANDING.

GEO. W. HERSEY
Painter and Glazier,
AND DEALER IN
Paints, Oil, Glass, Varnish, Putty, Glue,
(Shop in Geo. S. Baker's building, near the corner
of Richmond Street.)

Weymouth Landing.
Leave your Orders

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AT THIS OFFICE, OR WITH
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*PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRIES, INSTEAD OF
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FUNERAL UNDERTAKERS,
AND
COFFIN WAREHOUSE.

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WEYMOUTH LANDING.

Clothing, Cravats, Robes &c.,
constantly on hand, and finished on the most fast
stable terms.

Patent Medicine of HENRY F. Brown's manu-
facture, and a new line of Black Horse have been
presented to me, and I can vouch for their
excellence.

A new and PATENT RELEASER has also been
presented to me, which is well preserved without
any trouble. I can vouch for its
excellence.

Others intended to be in the market in due
order to order.

JOHN FORD,
T. J. MCCORMICK.

VEGETINE.

I will try Vegetine.
He did,

AND WAS CURED.

DELAWARE, O., Feb. 10, 1877.

Dear Sir—I wish to give you this testimony
that you may know, and let others know, what Veg-
etine has done for me. About two years ago I
had a severe attack of rheumatism in my right shoulder,
so troublesome that I consulted the doctor,
but he could do nothing for me. I then turned to
myself, and said, "I could not rest day or night; I
was so reduced my friends thought I would not
live." I had no money, but I had a newspaper,
and I saw your advertisement for Vegetine,
the "Great Blood Purifier" for cleansing the
blood. I read it, and I used the first time I had
it, I never slept well again. My health is good.
The doctor is gone, and I am able to attend to business, and paid about
fifteen dollars for Vegetine. I have recommended Vegetine
to many persons with great success. It is a most excellent
medicinal.

Very respectfully yours,

W. H. STEVENS.

LITERATURE.

LINES TO A TURTLE.

Marked in 1841, and Met Again in 1878.

Well met again, old crony queer!
To me you little changed appear
Since first I met you in the year
Forty and one,

Though seven-and-thirty years, 'tis clear,
Since then are gone.

The same sterner face, and nose so Roman;

Its counterpart "Aunt Liz" could show one;

Are you a turtle-man or woman?

Aunt Liz was both,

And not a crawler or a slow one,

I'd take my oath.

Well, well! you seem to take life easy;
No cares oppress or troubles tease ye;

If doubts, misapprehensions seize ye,

In goes your head,

And for as long as it may please ye;

You're same as dead,

How different with human kind!

In constant harassment of mind,

And if real ill be thid

To brood and ponder,

Imagination stands behind

All drafta to honor.

Ah, little could the mowr tell

The day he earved upon your shell

The letters that begin to spell —

His bonnie name,

What held the Future, fair or fell,

Or praise, or blame!

Of those who wrought with him that day,

Here by the brookside making hay,

All, save himself, are laid away

In their last sleep,

And one brave heart lies deep.

The changes, too, that scarce the tongue

Can tell, or comprehend the young—

Here where the tool of Time we swing,

The team is mowing;

And where the whet-stone's music ring.

The gear is going.

Then news was stale e'er we could hear

From the old world, now brought so near

By telegraphic ear upon ear.

Friend Morse we borrow,

That if to-day "Vic" scratch her ear,

We know to-morrow.

And now the telephone, they say,

Will bring a voice that's far away

Close to our ear, so that we may—

When one may try so—

Heard old Zip Coon his boar play

On in Ohio.

And more than that, so rarer reaches,

We may up, as one would peaches,

Musie and poems, sermons, speeches,

And then let loose

Their softest tones and loudest greeches,

Whene'er we choose.

VEGETINE.

RECOMMENDED BY THE

M. D.'S.

H. R. STEVENS.—I have used H. R. Stevens' Vegetine for a long time, and find it better than any other I have used. It is a good medicine, and will cure the blood of all other medicines I have taken.

Vegetine is composed of Roots, Bark and Resin.

VEGETINE.

RECOMMENDED BY THE

M. D.'S.

H. R. STEVENS.—I have sold Vegetine for a long time, and find it gives most excellent satisfaction.

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The Weymouth Gazette.

C. G. EASTERBROOK, EDITOR.

This local paper has an extensive circulation in surrounding towns, and is an advertising medium not to be despised in this vicinity.

OF READING NOTICES INSERTED AT TEN CENTS A LINE.

HOW POOR MEN RISE IN THIS COUNTRY.

If a man did not know anything about his neighbors—not matter in what part of the North he may live—he might possibly be taken in by the talk of the theorists, that the poor man has no chance in this country, that he is ground down by the capitalists and prevented from bettering his condition. Colonel C. E. Carr of Galesburg, Ill., made an excellent use of his Fourth of July oration by taking up this very topic and illustrating it by instances taken from his own neighborhood—thus giving, in fact, a eulogy on our institutions nobler than any mere eloquence could utter. We copy the following, to which every reader can supply the counterpart from his own experience:

THE WOMAN BARBER OF ST. CLOUD.

I entered the barber shop nearest the foot of the little hill at St. Cloud yesterday morning and found the assistant engaged in shaving a captain of the 130th. This was easily apparent, because the number "130" was on his cap, his collar, his sword-belt and several other prominent places. The head barber was absent. His wife entered from an inner apartment, and invited me to take a seat in the barbers' chair. I did so, not apprehending anything extraordinary. A French barber's chair is straight-backed without cushion, and behind is a hard wooden crook to lay your head in. It suggests a combination of guillotine and garrote. The woman then tucked a towel under my chin. This aroused me. I wondered if it could be possible. I began to suspect that she meant business. I saw coming possibilities, because in France women are, to a great extent, real helpers of their husbands. If grocer, the grocer's wife keeps the books, and takes the change; if butcher, the butcher's wife can slice off a cutlet as quickly as her husband; if baker, the woman is always at the counter; if in almost any description of retail trade, the wife is as conversant with the business as her husband. Sometimes they are on feet: days conductors of extra omnibuses. Yet, thus far, I had never seen a woman a barber.

But she lost no time. Her hand was on the latter brush and the latter brush was on my face, and she lathered me. She lathered me with neatness, taste and dispatch. She strapped her razor with true professional dexterity, gave it a wipe or two on the palm of her hand and the regular barber flourished preparatory to the shave. This was business. I did not wish to appear amazed or surprised. Still, I desired to know if this was really the custom in St. Cloud. So I kept the corner of one eye slightly upon her. But everything went on in the usual in the little town. The red-legged captain of the 130th barely looked at me. The soap-suds flowed with a noisy murmur down the steep narrow street, people tramped by indifferently and no crowd gathered at the door. "It is well," I thought, "at least I am no spectacle for the curious."

She applied the razor with a firm delicate manipulation. It was a sharp razor. A sharp razor is not an everyday occurrence in France. Often have I emerged from the Gallic barber's door, bloody and battle-scared. Something over a pint of blood have I in this man's already left on French soil. What the French barber's blade lacks in keenness of edge, he makes up in muscle.

She shaved me well. Her execution was more agreeable than that of the male barber. Still the sensation and experience were curious. I regretted that she did not finish me. This was because the barber's assistant had polished off the captain of the 130th, powdered his soap-lock and waxed his war-like mustache. After which he sprang on me. Compared with hers, his touch was that of a clumsy brute. He laid on with the whole weight of his arm, swept one side of my face with a combined sweep and scratch, which where it did not take off hair did skin, left a few faint scratches behind and cut my chin. Then he drove me to the wash-bowl as they always do in France, to cleanse my own countenance of the latter, which he had managed to shove into my ears and hair. I believe it to be a part of a woman's mission on earth to shave a man.

The French barber shop, with all its drawbacks of execution has some attractive novelties. Nice-looking girls often enter and occupy the chair next to you, to have their hair arranged. It is always the deport for switches,curls and all sorts of old false hair to the barber to be regenerated and rechristened, because the assistant is always when not shaving occupied in brushing these things up, carding them out or curling them in.

THEATRE AND MASONRY.

At the Ninety-Seventh Annual Communication of the Masonic Grand Lodge of the State of New York, held in New York City, on the 4th of June, the annual address was delivered by the Most Worshipful Grand Master, Joseph J. Conch, in the course of which he said:

Some years ago, we severed our connection with the Grand Orient of France because of their persistent infringement of the jurisdiction of an American Grand Lodge. The matter in issue at that time was purely governmental. Since then, strange reports have reached us, from time to time, of departures from the traditions and customs of our fraternity, until finally the information comes that you now profess to practice a Masonry that ignores the existence of God. This raises the question whether any such rite can truthfully be denominated Masonic. In prompt reply to this question, let us from the abundant material at hand take for example, the familiar symbol of the burning bush, with its impressive story as related in the old Hebrew Bible. In simplicity of faith, one interprets the record literally; another, differently constituted, sees in it a beautiful metaphor, which the imagination expands to cosmical proportions; and behold the fiery light of the morning sun fills the tree tops on the eastern hills with a flame of glory. Whether the pastoral or cosmical interpretation be adopted, the lesson is the same. In either there is present to the imagination an impenetrable mystery, and on that of my mystery, to the reverential beholder, there comes the voice of God. Thus it appears that the symbol of the burning bush retains its sublime significance through all the changes of time, through all the vicissitudes of man's earthly experience. When, therefore, the report comes to us that certain parties profess to practice a Masonic rite in which there is no God, we unhesitatingly declare that such rite is not Masonic, and to call it so is an utter perversion of terms, for in the full light of our symbolism, of our traditions, and of our world-wide precepts and charges, we know full well that no atheist can be made a Mason, and that no godless Temple can be erected on the foundation of ancient Free-masonry.

As announced by telegraph, the Grand Lodge, on the 7th of June, adopted a resolution reference to this vitally important tenet of Masonry, as follows:

Resolved—That we refuse to recognize as a Freemason any person initiated, passed, or raised in a body where the existence of a Supreme Being is denied or ignored.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September, with two serial stories, three brilliant short stories, a dramatic sketch of thrilling interest, a humorous sketch entitled "Ab'm": A Glimpse of Modern Dixie," an illustrated poem, of pathetic interest, several illustrated articles, covering a variety of subjects; timely articles of great and immediate interest to all

readers, and the five admirably sustained editorial departments—is an exceedingly rich, beautiful, and entertaining Number. The opening article "Sheen, the Beautiful," is an interesting description, with fine illustrations of Richmond Hill, Twickenham, (with Pope's villa), and other English scenes of poetic and historical interest. "Reformed Westbaden" is a picturesque revelation to American readers of this famous German spa, formerly the capital resort of gamblers. The article is embellished with twenty-one excellent illustrations of character and scenery. W. P. Garrison contributes a critical but popular paper on Thomas Bewick—the father of English wood-engraving—with an effective portrait and twelve illustrations or reproductions of Bewick's engravings. In "A Spring Abattoir in Staten Island," the most picturesque features of that island are portrayed. Miss Charlotte Adams treats a subject which is now one of great interest, involving the most dramatic episode in the history of the island of Cyprus—namely, the intensely interesting career of Catherine Cornaro, the Queen of that island from A. D. 1473 to 1480.

THE WOMAN BARBER OF ST. CLOUD.

I entered the barber shop nearest the foot of the little hill at St. Cloud yesterday morning and found the assistant engaged in shaving a captain of the 130th. This was easily apparent, because the number "130" was on his cap, his collar, his sword-belt and several other prominent places. The head barber was absent. His wife entered from an inner apartment, and invited me to take a seat in the barbers' chair. I did so, not apprehending anything extraordinary. A French barber's chair is straight-backed without cushion, and behind is a hard wooden crook to lay your head in. It suggests a combination of guillotine and garrote. The woman then tucked a towel under my chin. This aroused me. I wondered if it could be possible. I began to suspect that she meant business. I saw coming possibilities, because in France women are, to a great extent, real helpers of their husbands. If grocer, the grocer's wife keeps the books, and takes the change; if butcher, the butcher's wife can slice off a cutlet as quickly as her husband; if baker, the woman is always at the counter; if in almost any description of retail trade, the wife is as conversant with the business as her husband. Sometimes they are on feet: days conductors of extra omnibuses. Yet, thus far, I had never seen a woman a barber.

She applied the razor with a firm delicate manipulation. It was a sharp razor. A sharp razor is not an everyday occurrence in France. Often have I emerged from the Gallic barber's door, bloody and battle-scared. Something over a pint of blood have I in this man's already left on French soil. What the French barber's blade lacks in keenness of edge, he makes up in muscle.

She shaved me well. Her execution was more agreeable than that of the male barber. Still the sensation and experience were curious. I regretted that she did not finish me. This was because the barber's assistant had polished off the captain of the 130th, powdered his soap-lock and waxed his war-like mustache. After which he sprang on me. Compared with hers, his touch was that of a clumsy brute. He laid on with the whole weight of his arm, swept one side of my face with a combined sweep and scratch, which where it did not take off hair did skin, left a few faint scratches behind and cut my chin. Then he drove me to the wash-bowl as they always do in France, to cleanse my own countenance of the latter, which he had managed to shove into my ears and hair. I believe it to be a part of a woman's mission on earth to shave a man.

The French barber shop, with all its drawbacks of execution has some attractive novelties. Nice-looking girls often enter and occupy the chair next to you, to have their hair arranged. It is always the deport for switches,curls and all sorts of old false hair to the barber to be regenerated and rechristened, because the assistant is always when not shaving occupied in brushing these things up, carding them out or curling them in.

THEATRE AND MASONRY.

At the Ninety-Seventh Annual Communication of the Masonic Grand Lodge of the State of New York, held in New York City, on the 4th of June, the annual address was delivered by the Most Worshipful Grand Master, Joseph J. Conch, in the course of which he said:

Some years ago, we severed our connection with the Grand Orient of France because of their persistent infringement of the jurisdiction of an American Grand Lodge. The matter in issue at that time was purely governmental. Since then, strange reports have reached us, from time to time, of departures from the traditions and customs of our fraternity, until finally the information comes that you now profess to practice a Masonry that ignores the existence of God. This raises the question whether any such rite can truthfully be denominated Masonic. In prompt reply to this question, let us from the abundant material at hand take for example, the familiar symbol of the burning bush, with its impressive story as related in the old Hebrew Bible. In simplicity of faith, one interprets the record literally; another, differently constituted, sees in it a beautiful metaphor, which the imagination expands to cosmical proportions; and behold the fiery light of the morning sun fills the tree tops on the eastern hills with a flame of glory. Whether the pastoral or cosmical interpretation be adopted, the lesson is the same. In either there is present to the imagination an impenetrable mystery, and on that of my mystery, to the reverential beholder, there comes the voice of God. Thus it appears that the symbol of the burning bush retains its sublime significance through all the changes of time, through all the vicissitudes of man's earthly experience. When, therefore, the report comes to us that certain parties profess to practice a Masonic rite in which there is no God, we unhesitatingly declare that such rite is not Masonic, and to call it so is an utter perversion of terms, for in the full light of our symbolism, of our traditions, and of our world-wide precepts and charges, we know full well that no atheist can be made a Mason, and that no godless Temple can be erected on the foundation of ancient Free-masonry.

As announced by telegraph, the Grand Lodge, on the 7th of June, adopted a resolution reference to this vitally important tenet of Masonry, as follows:

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound,

Is a positive cure for all those Complaints and Weaknesses peculiar to Women.

These are thousands of women now living in the United States who before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, had invalids for years, and had tried many and effectively all the remedies of medicine, with the result that none could give them aid.

THE Sufferings of Women.

Private Doctors are no longer, but when properly used, the yield kindly to medicine, as the disposition of all such diseases is to get well, nothing being needed but proper medical assistance to remove the cause of disease.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Is a positive cure for those painful complaints and weaknesses peculiar to women. It restores the blood to its natural condition, directs the vital force to the organs, gives tone and strength, and helps to place the system in a condition of health, so that the cure is permanent.

The Vegetable Compound gives a strong, healthy, elastic, and active system, and gives a power of recovery.

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